# OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, May, 23 1912. Number 8.

## THE MAN WHO IS BUSY AND THE MAN WHO DOES BUSINESS.

Beware of being too busy?

A lot of men of our acquaintance, men of various vocations, are working at top speed and losing money because they have too much to do.

It may sound peculiar to say that a man who is working at top speed and is as busy as he can be can still be losing money, but such is the case.

The loss of money is occasioned by the loss of efficiency.

There may be conditions where it appears necessary for a man to try to do two or three men's work, and to keep all of the people under him working at a like pitch, but let's look into it.

The state of business makes it appear to be necessary for such management, but perhaps conditions would work out differently, if the men concerned looked more at the possibilities of increasing the gross income by better efficiency instead of keeping their eyes glued on the cost of doing business.

It is quite safe to say that every business profits and progresses these days by the achievement of greater efficiency, and to go further and stated that no man who is doing two or three men's work and who feels that he is actually accomplishing as much as he might. He is not doing his work as well as he might.

Get away from the idea of how much you will increase the cost of doing business and get your mind centered on how much you can increase the amount of business done.

The test of the question lies in this point. Do you feel that you are doing two or three man's work? Are you all tied up with detail, nervous worry, responsibility that you should not have to shoulder, etc.

If you feel that you are, and would like to re-organize affairs so that your work would go on more smoothly, but you fear the result in the increased cost of doing business, turn to the big business enterprises today and study the men who manage them. See how it is that these men do a big business?

The master workers and managers of the country's biggest enterprises—the real captains of industry—are not nervous wreck's and worn out, decrepit individuals. Some supposed-to-be commercial leaders have gone to pieces physically, but they were not the real big men of business, and their enterprises have often gone to pieces with them.

But the men we read about, who are directors in a score of business enterprises, own half the railroads in the country, men who have won their way up into the millionaire class, apparently dividing their capacities among a hundred or more business properties, and supposedly running them all from the same desk at the same time—these men are not at all what they are commonly reported to be.

They are men of big brains, decisive, sane, keen-minded men—capable of thinking big things and of seeing their thoughts put into operation—but they are by no means wasting all of their capabilities, frivoling and puttering around in a labyrinth of complicated business details.

In their early days these men undoubtedly put in sixteen hours a day, wrestling from morning till the next morning with the awful ghost of the cost of doing business—just as you are doing now, perhaps—but there came a time, when the natural capabilities of these men forced them out of the traces and up on the seat with the reins in their hands.

The old saying, "You can't keep a good man down," might well be amended to read, "You can't keep a good man's head in a horse collar." As soon as he learns what the guiding signs in business are, as soon as he learns how to get into his stride, he's got to shake off the blinders, get the reins in his hands, do the guiding himself, and keep the other men hitting their stride.

The question is, When are you going to make the break?—Selected.

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"Guard your weak point."

## DR. GIRARDEAU, AS A PREACHER.

Rev. Dr. Geo. A. Blackburn will soon put in press a book on the work and character of Rev. Dr. J. L. Girardeau. The various chapters of the book have been written by men selected as suited to the varied phases of his peculiar work.

Among these are Rev. Dr. W. T. Hall, lately the Professor of Theology in Columbia Seminary, and Rev. Dr, R. A. Webb, now the Professor of Theology in Louisville Seminary.

The chapter on his wonderful work among the negroes was written by Rev. Dr. Mack, of Fort Mills, S C., who was associated with him in that work for a number of years.

In that chapter Dr. Mack brings out the extraordinary power of Dr. Girardeau as a preacher, and among the incidents illustrating this is the fellowing:

"In November, 1881, we had the semi-centennial of the Columbia Theological Seminary, hoping thus to help in its re-endowment. A large number of ministers were present, among whom was the Rev. W. A. Wood, D.D., of Statesville, N.C., a cultured scholar and a keen critic. and he said to me: 'I came especially to hear Dr. Girardeau, and to size him up.'

"On Sunday, to a large congregation. a prince of orators in our Israel preacher. As we come out of the church Dr. Wood enthusiastically exclaimed, Magnificent—magnificent.'

"On Tuesday afternoon, to a comparatively small congregation Dr. Girardeau preached. For the first half hour, with logic on fire, he discussed an important doctrine—and then he described the glorious effects of that truth, closing with a vivid view of our Saviour's ascention, and graphically picturing the descent of the angelic hosts as they joyously met Him with songs and the chimes of silver cymbals.

"As he began thus to close, almost every hearer was either leaning forward. or else was standing up—and as, after he ceased to speak, he continued to move his hands in circles up, and up, and up, and up; stopping for a second at the completion of each circle—the sweet chimes of silver cymbals in angel hands seemed to fill the house and did thrill everyheart.

"For over a minute they remained spell-bound and breathless—and then there came the rustling sound as they fell back into their seats, like men awakening from a delightful dream! No prayer was made—no hymn was sung—only the benediction was pronounced; and then in silence the strangely impressed hearers quietly passed out of the church.

"Dr. Wood, Dr. J. H. Thornwell, of Fort Mill, and myself were together. Not a word was spoken until nearly a square had we gone. I broke the silence by saying, 'Brother Wood, you have heard Dr. Girardeau; and what do you think?, Clasping his hands together and looking upward, he replied, 'It was more than magnificent. I have never heard anything to equal that. No other man can speak like that man.'

"Dr. Thornwell then added, in a voice trembling with emotion, ' Put me down for $100 to the endowment of the Seminary as a thank offering for the privilege of hearing that sermon. but It is worth ten times that much to me in my work, but that is all I have to give."

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We shall be made truly wise if we be made content, content, too, not only with what we can understand, but cnntent with what we do not understand—the habit of mind which theologians call and rightly, faith in God.—Kingsley.

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## JUST PLAIN STRADDLE.

"What's your hurry, Harry," call out Tom Turner as Harry Rushton was sauntering leisurely through the lobby of the St. Gorgeous hotel.

"Oh, I always run a mile after lunch for my health," replied Harry, dropping lazily into a big leather-covered arm-chair beside Tom at the foot of the grand onyx staircase.

"You're a cheerful josher," said Tom, with the easy familiarity of an old friend. "Have a torch," proffering a big, fat, black cigar encircled amidships with a gay red and gold circingle.

"No, thank you."

"Stick it in your face, man, and enjoy thirty minutes in Havana."

"My wife won't let me use tobacco except to kill vermin on her plants. Besides, if I preferred Havana to the good old U. S. I would move there."

"If you knew a good thing when you see it you wouldn't pass up fragrant incense like that."

'Smoking is good for hams but I don't belong in that class."

"No, you're more of a sausage," said Tom, laughing. "By the way, have you seen Snyder Hollahart lately? I've been on his trail all the morning without striking a hot scent and now I am lying in ambush for him."

"Haven't seen him since he was arrested for speeding in the park last Saturday. He looked as proud then as though he had just won the sweepstakes," said Harry, laughing.

"Oh, Snyder thinks that he has got to be fined at least twice a season in order to keep his club title of 'The Speedy Boy.' He'd be a good fellow if it wasn't for one fault."

"I wish I didn't have but one fault. Most any one could be called a good fellow who didn't have more. What is the solitary blemish on Snyder's character?

"Oh, I'm not saying that he's a white-robed saint otherwise," said Tom with a laugh, "but the particular fault which crabs my lamb-like disposition is that he won't show his hand. You can't get him to take sides. No one can find out just where he stands. I've got no use for a man who won't show his colors. I like a good fighter, and have plenty of respect for an enemy, who fights in the open. But my gorge rises against those smooth policy gents who have no principles, who are too timid to take a chance, and who slip in and grab of the spoils after real men have won the fight. Snyder wants to be appointed to the fat officer of oil inspector. As you know, the 'insurgents' have control of the party organization in this section, and we feel that any man who asks for favors should stand with us. But the 'regulars' still dominate the party at Washinton and Snyder would like to be appointed to the English embassy later on. He evidently fears that if he is known as an 'insurgent' he will get in bad with the big wigs in the senate. But he can't carry water on both shoulders while I'm on the job. The chairman of the campaign committee sent me over to smoke him out, and I will do it good and plenty."

Tom had risen to such a pitch of righteous indignation over the high duty of smoking out Snyder Hollahart that he had quite forgotten to smoke anything else. His glowing perfecto had gone out.

After a moment's silence Harry Rushton said gravely:

"Tom, you're right. I have always liked your out-and-out manner. The unscrupulous, who try to play both black and white, and the cowards, who wobble back and forth across the line, alike are contemptible. But, say, Tom, are you sure that you always come out flat-footed when you face a clearly drawn issue?"

"Any time I don't you may list me with scabs and boobs and squaw-men. If there is anything I hate is it to see a man straddle a real issue," said the impulsive Tom.

"Then, Tom, why don't you become a Christian and join the church?" said Harry, looking him in the eye with kindly directness.

"Oh, I attend the church and pay my little assessment without a kick. What more can you ask?"

"Just as much more as you know the Lord himself would ask, Tom. I don't need to tell you that He expects His followers to stand right up and be counted."

"Well, I guess everybody knows where I stand all right." There was a shade of resentment in Tom's voice.

"No, they don't, Tom. When I talked with the boys in Sunday-school class about personal religion, Willie Grimshaw said that Mr. Turner isn't a member of the church and if he could grow up to be as good a man as you he would be satisfied. The example of a drunken bum wouldn't hurt Willie, for he would recoil from it. But your attitude and example are doing that boy incalculable harm."

"Do you mean to tell me that I am doing more harm than a drunken bum?" said Tom with rising anger.

"I didn't say that at all, my dear fellow. You do much good in many ways. But the very fact that you are clean and moral puts you in a position to do a certain kind of harm that bad men couldn't do. Don't you see, Tom, how unreasonable a halfway position like yours is?"

"I'm listening," said Tom, chewing the stump of his dead cigar and staring straight ahead.

"When a man doesn't believe in God, heaven or hell, and says that a man dies like a dog it is not strange that he flips religion overboard. There is at least a kind of consistency in his attitude. But when a man believes in a God who sent us into this world and to whom we must all report, his belief puts him under bonds to make God's Word the law of his life. The old motto, 'Get Right With God,' sums up the most important business that any man has in this world. To admit man's divine pedigree and immortal future and to fail to make an honest effort to live up to the highest dictates of conscience is the greatest inconsistency in all the list of human follies. Between the man who repudiates the Gospel entirely and the man who accepts it with the whole heart there is no logical standing ground. Why, Tom, can't you see that a half-way position is just a plain case of straddle?"

"Maybe you don't know it, but I pray every night of my life," said Tom with the air of one on the defensive.

"Well, Tom, the good Lord was very gentle with Nicodemus, who timidly came to Him by night, and with Peter, who followed Him afar off, but you are the last man to show such weakness or follow such example. The Lord wants you to confess Him before men right now. He wants not only your prayers but your public devotion, not whispered requests only, but wholeheartedservice. Doesn't God deservethe same out-and-out allegiance that you give to your political party? Come, Tom, give me your hand on the proposition that nobody will ever again have reason to doubt your loyalty to the Almighty."

The cigar dropped from forgetful fingers to the mosaic floor. A new light shone in Tom Turner's eyes and he grasped the hand of his friend in a resolute grip and said:

"Harry, I've been a contemptible coward. I've been sidestepping a plain duty all these years and have tried to make myself believe that a lot of fool excuses were real reasons. Here's where I quit trying to straddle life's greatest question. Your Sunday-school class will never again have any doubt about where Tom Turner stands."

Continued on fourth page.

## JOHN'S HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Eugene Thwing.

Just plain John—and nobody paid much attention to him, except when he was needed. Certainly no one saw anything wonderful or ideal about plain John. He was very insignificant, with his plain clothes, his plain face, his plain name, his plain work—very ordinary, albeit very useful. There was something wonderful about plain John, but it was hidden away from sight. He didn't really know of it himself, though he felt it, and sometimes it made him thrill strangely. Sometimes it seemed to set him on fire, but he didn't understand the feeling. Perhaps he thought it was discontent; or perhaps a hungry longing for something. he knew not what.

Plain John loved to read things in a wonderful old Book. At night, when his work was done, he went away alone and read, and as he read, he forgot that he was plain John. That strange thrill went over him; he felt like a giant or a king; he planned to do such things as those in the old Book. One night he read of a great king who built a beautiful temple. The walls were of hewn stone and boards of cedar, and the roof and the floors were planks of cedar and cypress wood. The walls within were beautifully carved in flowers and angels, and over all, even the floors, was a covering of pure gold. There was a holy place in the temple, and the description of its beauty and sacredness fillled John with awe, but he felt also again that strange fire burning him. The words of the book ran together before his eyes. He could not read, because he was talking to himself in a low, intense voice—or was he praying? No, he was only repeating something he had read, and he was not alone. Someone was standing before him—some one very bright and white. It must be to this stranger that he was saying, in the very words the great king had used, "I purpose to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God."

Come John, the material is ready, and you shall accomplish your desire. Here is the plan. If you build faithfully, it shall be a beautiful house in which your God will delight to dwell."

John looked straight at the shining person who had spoken. Then he put down his Book and gazed around him. Great blocks of white stone, beams and boards of polished wood, vessels of gold, and many other things were piled in splendid profusion on every hand. He was not greatly surprised, but haste to begin took possession of him at once. The stranger in dazzling white, whom he took to be one sent to help him, worked always at his side, guiding, yet leaving much to his own choice. The blocks of stone and the beams seemed not heavy, though sometimes he almost dropped them, and the angel held them from falling.

John noticed that the one part of the work which seemed to give the angel more concern than all else was the foundation, underground, where its strength and perfection would never be seen. In building this John was held back and cautioned to work slowly and patiently. Afterward his eagerness was not so much restrained. The walls rose straight and firm; a splendid edifice took shape as he worked. Wonderfully constructed windows let in a flood of light to the sanctuary within, and when the fires were kindled on the altars, and all the candles were lighted, the radiance which shone out from the windows was visible to all beholders.

One of the halls he set apart as a library for books of knowledge and of quiet devotion. Many compartments were provided so that volumes on every subject might be in their proper place for instant use, and all confusion was avoided. There were chambers for needful work of various kinds, and for domestic service wherein the daily re-

Continued on fourth page..

## NATIONAL RECOGNITION OF AYCOCK.

The Youth's Companion of Boston, perhaps the most influential general family weekly in the world, publishes on its editorial page a striking picture of ex-Governor Aycock and writes of him as follows:

Rarely does a man's death fit his life so well as that of the late Chrrles B. Aycock, once Governor of North Carolina. No wonder the manner of his dying touched the dramatic sense of the people of his State, and indeed, of the whole South.

"Aycock's life-work was a long and successful fight for more and better public schools for his people. He was a remarkable orator, and a public man of unusual parts and equipment, deeply interested in many public questions. But when, a decade or more ago, he was chosen Governor of his State, he determined to devote himself to what he felt to be the supreme need of his people at that time.

"It was a time when North Carolina, like the others Southern States, was at last emerging from the poverty and depression that followed the war—a period during which it had been simply impossible for the South to keep pace in educational progress with the rest of the country.

"So the young and brilliant Governor made education the constant theme of his oratory. He preached better schools from every platform in the State. He fought for them in political conventions. He became known far and wide as 'the Educational Governor.' And he won his fight. The people responded to his eloquence with and enthusiasm that to this day remains effective and undiminished.

"He died as he had live, the end came while he was addressing a great audience at Birmingham, Ala. His subject was 'Univeral Education,' and it is said that 'education' was the very last word he spoke before he threw up his arms, reeled backward, and fell down dead before the thousands who had just been applaudiug him. All parties and all races in North Carolina began at once to contribute to a marble monument to his memory. But he has already monuments by the thousand; every school-house in the Old North State is one of them."

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## DECLINE IN TUBERCULOSIS DEATH RATE SAVES 27,000 LIVES A YEAR.

### CONSUMPTION RATE FALLS TWICE AS FAST AS GENERAL DEATH RATE.

In the dacade from 1901 to 1910, the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States declined from 196.9 for each 100,000 persons living to 160.3, a decrease of 18.7 per cent, while the general death rate, including all causes of death, declined only one-half as fast, or at the rate of 9.7 per cent, from 1655.0 to 1495.8.

These figures were given out in a statement issued to-day by The National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. They are based on data abstracted from the reports of the United States Bureau of the Census, and cover the registration area in this country. According to the statement, the tuberculosis death rate has declined steadily since 1904, when it was 201.6. On the other hand, the general death rate shows a fluctuation downward in general trend, but not as steady as the tuberculosis rate. The decline in the tuberculosis death rate in the last ten years means a saving of 27,000 lives at the present time.

In certain cities, such as New York, Boston, Cleveland and Chicago, and in States like Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, the decline in the tuberculosis death rate is much more marked than in the country at large.

The National Association says

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**PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.**

**REV. W. T. WALKER, Supt. and Treas.**

**Barium Springs, - - North Carolina.**

An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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Thursday, May 23, 1912

### Doing One's Best.

One of the most important lessons to be learned in life is, to do whatever you do, the very best you can.

One of the curses in present day labour is, Inefficiency. The world is full of a laboring class that have grown up as mere helpers, and who never learn anything thoroughly, and this is why there is so much botch work done in the world. In the simple matter of white washing there is everything in knowing how. One man will undertake a job and plaster the whole surrounding neighbourhood with splotches and splatters, while another will carefully cover the furniture and scarcely leave a trace of his cleanly job to be cleaned up. On one occasion a father bound his son to a carpenter to learn the trade and after working for several months the young apprentice made a visit home and the father asked, "What have you learned sir?" "Father," he replied, "I can take a chisel and make a round peg an inch long." "You can! Why I can do that myself." The old gentleman proceeded to demonstrate, and only succeeded in cutting one of his fingers badly: while the boy very deftly made the round peg.

Making u round peg an inch long, was a small thing, but, all the acts in hand craft, requires the doing well, of little things. And the boy or girl that puts thought and skill into whatever they do, will make a success in life.

There is nothing that takes the place of "Doing one's best."

### The Mecklenburg Declaration.

Once more May 20th is honored by thousands, as giving forth the first Declaration of Independence ever made by an American Colony—the City of Charlotte is during this week celebrating this wonderful event.

It is very evident that George Bancroft the great historian believed in this Declaration and honored our Sires for their bravery. The Colonial Governor had an especial hatred for the Scotch Irish Presbyterians of North Carolina; and while other Churches were largely represented the ranks of the Continental Army were filled with those Presbyterians who honored the name of Cromwell and hated with a cordial hatred kingly rule. At the battle of Cane Creek in Chatham County, nearly the whole congregation of Hawfields was in the battle, led by Mebane their Elder. So it need be no surprise to the world, that the Alexanders, Brevards, and other brave and true men of Mecklenburg, were the first to break the the yoke of kingly power, and proclaim themselves free.

Charlotte is overflowing with patriotism on this memorial occasion, and we say, all honor to the Mecklenburg Declaration!

--You can never tell how hard the task is by standing and looking at it.

# FIELD NOTES

We always enjoy a visit to Winston-Salem, for while her people are very busy during business hours they always have a moment to spare, to "talk Barium Springs," and their hearts and purses always respond to our calls for help in our work.

The growth of this twin City is amazing, and we rode on a street car out Liberty Street the other day, for nearly two miles, along a street that is well built up, and we well remember, when there were only farms, where now building lots are occupied by handsome homes. Attending the Wednesday night Prayer-meeting, we heard Dr. Neal Anderson in one of his talks that grip heart and brain as well. and when people can draw such spiritual rations every week, tis a wonder that the first church Sunday school room is large enough to hold the people

We learn that the Wednesday night attendance is generally large, and a Board of Trade meeting on last Wednesday night kept some of the regular attendants away. So rapid is the growth of the first church, her people find it necessary to "lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes." So the main anditorium is being enlarged. And when completed it will be one of the most beautiful and tasteful churches in the Synod.

We called on many friends and obtained twenty five subscribers, only two discontinued their subscriptions. But we ought to have OUR FATHERLESS ONES in every Presbyterian Home in Winston Salem, and if we could awaken our people to the fact that Our Orphanage paper is more than worth the money, and a good investment in aid of the home; we should soon have subscriptions by the thousands. My old friend Maj. T. J Brown drove me out to the Childrens Home on a lovely afternoon and the visit was a most delightful one: Really it is hard to say, which of us enjoyed the visit the most. Mr. and Mrs Hayes are now occupying the new building known as "The High Point building," and a more complete up-to-date building I have never seen. It is home, dormitory, and offices. Each room communicates with other rooms, and the means of exit are so numerous there is no such thing as being shut in in case of fire. The attic dormitory where some of the little girls stay, is beautifully ventilated, and has hot air heat in winter. The office equipment of bro. Hayes is thoroughly complete, with type writers, adders, cabinet, files and everything to facilitate business.

Mrs Hayes is a great chicken raiser, and we saw over 700 chickens from two days old to frying size in her pens, and they were a thrifty lot.

She has Barred and White Plymouth Rocks, white leghorns, White Holland Turkies and Geese and her success just shows what close attention to the fowl business will do. Bro. Hayes brought in his singing class, and they gave us several merry songs. I recognized several of my little friends with whom I got acquainted when they were at Troutman, and their bright smiling faces soon showed that they remembered me. On Friday forenoon I left Winston Salem for Greensboro so as to be present on Saturday at the great May Festival at our State Normal, but this deserves a special write up.

Wm. Laurie Hill.

### The " Fireside University"

A man speaking before a large club of the most cultivated men and women in the city of Boston gave an address of such compelling interest in the beauty of its diction and in the forcefulness of its argument that all were sorry when the address came to an end after the speaker had talked a full hour. At the close of the meeting some one said to the speaker:

"From what college or university are you a graduate?"

From the Fireside University," he replied with perfect seriousness.

'The Fireside University? I don't think that I quite understand. Where is that University?'

"It may be located in any home. In my own case it was before the fire on the long winter evenings on a farm in the Middle West."

"Do you mean that you have never been to a real college?"

"I have never had the privilege of attending even a graded school," was the reply. "I had to stop attending even the little district school when I became a student with my brother at the the Fireside Univesity. It is all the University I have ever knew."

If the truth were known it would be revealed that hundreds of men of ability as writers and speakers, hundreds of men of wide information, have known no University or college but the Fireside University. It was the Unsversity of Abraham Lincoln and other Presidents of the United States. It is the University open to every boy in the land and he need not pass any entrance "exams" in order to get into it. The opportunities for self-culture were never so many as to-day. The free public library is to be found everywhere in the land. The best of reading matter was never so inexpensive as it is to-day. The Chautauqua courses are open to all. The Fireside University may be set up in any home and it is possible for the graduates of this University to go out into the world to climb high up the ladder of achievement. J. L. Harbour.

### Real Eugene Aram.

A sale of relics of Eugene Aram reminds us that Lord Lytton's Aram was a very different personage from him who was hanged at York, who, judging from the published account of the trial, was merely a felon of the baser sort. He associated with low companions, married a low wife and practiced swindling with a miserable creature whom in his youngest days he was associated with in stealing flower roots—for they were both gardeners—and finally murdered him to secure a few pounds, the proceeds of a swindle.

Aram possessed a vigorous intellect, had mastered the learned languages, had read every classic that came in his way, and says a distingguished writer, when the learned felon came to make his defence all Britain was astonished by a piece of pleading which, if given to the public among the defensess and under the name of Thomas Lord Erskine, so celebrated for his species of composition, would certainly not be deemed unworthy of the collection of its author.

### Work For Kings.

The sphere of foreign affairs is one in which a British monarch, for all his complete subordination to constitututional forms, still exercises real power. Unlike the late king, was his own traveling ambassador, and whose personality made him welcome in the capitals of Europe, George V. chooses to work through his ministers, but there is every reason to believe that the monarch's views will carry weight with the cabinet. Situated as he is above party, the king may readily work for international friendship and peace without being accused of betraying the country's interests.

### Remarkable Wall of Rough Stone.

A wall 1,300 feet long, four feet high and three feet thick at the bottom has just been completed on a country estate near Port Chester, under the direction of Samuel Parson, who says that it is unique. The granite blocks which from the wall were quarried about 50 miles away and were used just as they came from the quarry. The intertices have been filled with loam and and planted profuse y with such flowering herbs and creepers as will flourish best and look prettiest in that environment. The stones are all large—from three tons down and from three to ten feet long—and fitted as close as they covld be without the use of any other tool than a hammer to knock off the rough edges. "This speciman of Cyclopean masonry,' says Mr. Parsons' description, "in which about 8,000 rock plants have been planted, is withal a perfect fence—horse high, bull strong and pig tight."

### Anvil Strokes.

--Joy consorts with him who scatters it.

--Sadness sits lightly upon the heart of faith.

--One cannot resist temptation with mere stubbornness.

--The hands are for the hardness of toil; the heart is for tenderness,

--A cloudy day often keeps some folks from seeing on opportudity.

--Hide a troubled heart with a smiling face, and its ache will not seem so great.

--Some folks think themselves solidly convinced of very unsound theories.

--Some folks think they are profoundly moved when only their emotions are shaken a little.

--You have not the responsibility of the whole world on your shoulders; only that of your own little task.

--Little folks, when seriously taught the importance of little things, when they grow up to be big folks, will more fully realize the importance of the "bigger things."

### The Legeut of the Hands.

An Old legend says that once three young ladies disputed about their hands, as to which were the most beautiful. One of them dipped her hand in the pure stream, another plucked berries till her fingers were pink, and the third gathered flowers whose fragrance clung to her hands. An old haggard woman passed by and asked for some gift, but all refused her. Another young woman, plain, and with no claim to beauty of hand, satisfied her need. The old woman then said, "It is not the hand that is washed in the brook, nor the hand garlanded and prefumed with flowers that is most beautiful, but the hand that gives to the poor." As she spoke, her wrinkles were gone, her staff was thrown away, and she stood there an angel from heaven. This is only a legend; but its judgment is true. The beautiful hands are those that minister, in Christ's name to others.

### Idea Exploded Long Ago.

In the search for a cure of consumption a Maryland phisician thinks he has found one in snake poison. His procedure is to sterilize it and use it as an injection, the poison immediately killing the bacilli, according to program.

Our old Friend Colonel Maceroni, to whose memoirs we are indepted, wrote nearly a hundred years ago:

"Naples, like other places, has its 'old school, in medicine. According to the olden pharmacopoeir viper broth is recommended as most restorative and nutritious to debilitated and consumptive persons. Hence, every apothecary's shop is furnished with a large chest, containing some scores of living vipers, and of course there is such a trade as that of viper catchers.

"I need not inform my intelligent readers that the virtue of viper broth exists alone in the imagination, or, rather, in the moldy writings, of the long since departed prescribers."

"What did you name him?"

"Bill."

"Why Bill?"

"Because he came the first of the month."—Ex.

I told my dachshund such a joke
I thought he did not see.
But, ere five minutes had elapsed,
He wagged his tail in glee!
—St. Nicholas Magazine.

**S M & H Shoe Co.**

Our Fall and Winter Styles of Shoes are Here, and they, by their QUALITY, invite your inspection.

SHOES to SHOE youth, manhood, womanhood and old age.

We have the very latest in collars and cuffs. Our shirts will Satisfy in style and quality, the most critical taste.

**S M & H SHOE CO.**

STATESVILLE, N. C.

**J. K. Morrison & Son's Co.**

**Statesville, N. C.**

We keep a full line of Heavy and Fancy Groceries, and solicit only the best class of Grocery Trade. Purchasers would consult their interest by seeing us.

**J. K. Morrison & Son's Co.**

**Valuable Real Estate For Sale**

GOOD TWO-STORY RESIDENCE on large roomy lot; best residence street in Mooresville, close to center of town.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE LOT 79 X 240 ft., three blocks from center of town, good residence section, very desirable. If interested write for particulars.

**INSURANCE**

The BEST HEALTH AND ACCIDENT POLICY written, covers every illness, every accident. Pays $100.00 per month; costs only $3.00 per month. STRONGEST COMPANY, PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

I write all standard kinds of Insurance, most liberal poiicies, owest rates, nothing but strictly FIRST CLASS INSURANCE.

If you have property for sale list it with me. I will find the buyer.

**S. M GOODMAN,**

**Mooresville, - North arolina.**

Fertilizers Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers *and* "Increase Your Yield per Acre"

**BARIUM LODGE**

**NOW OPEN**

**Barium Springs Water**

NOW CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE REMEDY for diseases of the Skin, Scalp and Blood; also the diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys, and Bladder, Indigestion and Rheumatism. For Eczema no surer or quicker cure was ever known, and we positively guarantee to cure any case of Eczema in two weeks time with the patient in the Lodge.

Booklet of testamonials and other valuable information mailed on request.

**RATES REASONABLE**

**BARIUM SPRINGS COMPANY,**

**BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA**

**The Southern Presbyterian College and Conservatory of Music,** RED SPRINGS N. C.

**Location** Our location in the Pine woods of Carolina on the Coast Line Railway is ideal.

**Water** We have flowing wells of Sulphur water on the campus. In fact, Red Springs is a health resort.

**Equipment** Our equipment is abreast of all modern requirements.

**Faculty** Our Faculty is equal to the work demanded—which is, A THOROUGH EDUCATION.

If you have daughters to educate, do not fail to investigate our claims. We educate mind and heart.

**REV. C. G. VARDELL, D. D., : Red Springs, N. C.**

This is The Place in Charlotte to Buy Your

**Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Paints, Oils and House-furnishing Goods.**

☞All furnished you of best quality, and at most reasonable prices.

Try Us

**SOUTHERN HARDWARE**

Company

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

**Literally, Immense, Immense.**

That's the word for it, and no other could apply to the values we give, the variety of goods for your selection and the efficient service at your command. The result is, crowds of shoppers for piles of bargains every day. To make this great establishment stand out conspicuously in the history of this and future generations as an institution whose influence for the elevation of commercial ideas is felt around the country in an ever widening development. Recognizing this, it is obvious that we would sanction no transaction which did not in every way make for the best interests of our customers, should any transaction be found otherwise by any person at any time, it is far from our desire, and will be readily corrected if our attention is called to the matter. New spring goods of every description, rolling in on every train, Dry Goods Millinery, Shoes, Clothing, Gents furnishings ect. And in point of variety, style or general appearance cannot be equaled in the southern states. A most cordial invitation is extended to all, to come and see our grand display.

**BELK BROTHERS**

**CHARLOTTE, N. C.**

**SELL IT FOR LESS**

*OUR FATHERLESS ONES*

**How to Send Money and Supplies.**

All money should be sent to Rev W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

**Our Club Rates.**

Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year
5 to 10 Subscriptions....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs....60 cts. per year
☞Send in your clubs.

**Form of Bequest**

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, May 23, 1912

## HOME HAPPENINGS

**Graduating Class Entertained By Misses McEachin And Allen.**

The following invitation was sent out last week to the graduating class by Misses McEachin and Allen:

"On Wednessday evening at 7. 30
Come to Synods, but not on duty.
If at Lees or Howards cats may dwell,
Be sure to study their "category" well.
For at Synods in plenty you will find,
Cats of every description any kind!

Naturally the curiosity of those invited was aroused and on arriving at Synods they were much surprised at not being greeted by the cat tribe, or seeing any trace of them. They were further surprised when entering the parlor to find the large center table beautifully decorated with roses and extending from the light above the table to each place was yellow and black ribbon (the Home colors), at the end of which was tied a very appropriate remembrance from both Miss McEachin and Miss Allen. When these had been opened and commented on to the satisfaction of all, a full course supper was served, after which the cats made their appearance in the form of a contest. All species were included, among them the climbing cat, the tree cat, the saucy cat and the religious cat. At Barium it is not hard to guess the "religious" cat (catechism), for we renew its acquaintance two or three times a week.

A fiitting close for the evening was singing of the class song by the graduates.

**The Faculty Entertained By Miss McAllister.**

The Faculty was entertained by Miss Margaret W. McAllister in the pleasant parlor of Annie Lou se Cottage last Monday evening.

The evening was begun with a very unique game entitled "Initials" this was followed by "Shadow Portraits" both testing the mental capacities of the contestants. After this a most delicious luncheon was served and enjoyed by all.

The room was decorated with roses and other seasonable flowers.

The hostess one of Barium's most charming ladies was the recipient of many cong atulations for the manner in which she entertained.

**Mr. and Mrs. Jasper L. Gibson Entertain.**

On last Friday evening the Gaduating class was entertained at Round Knob by Mr. and Mrs. Gibson.

The first of the evening was spent with games and contests and then the party entered the dining room and enjoyed a most delicious supper.

Those present were Bessie Blue, May Lowe, Nola Murray, Susie Turner, Gwendoline Harrison, Fairy Hamilton, Marguerite Porter, Elizabeth Sharpe, Neil McLean and Jim Pope of the graduating class and Alma Jackson, Flora Martin, Elizabeth McGilvary, Cottie Cherry, Lottie Blue, Mabel Triplet and Clyde L. Rudy all of whom enjoyed the evening to the highest degree and left expressing, thanks and appreciation of the hospitality of the host and hostess.

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Our Commencement exercises will be held next week.

Commencement sermon Sunday morning, May 26th, at 11 A. M. by Rev. Jno. M. Wells, D. D., of Wilmington, N. C. He will also preach for us at night at 8 P. M.

Monday night at 8 o'clock. The School Exercises.

Tuesday night, 8 o'clock Exercises by the graduating class.

On Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock the Educational Address will be made by Hon. B. R. Lacy, State Treasurer, of Raleigh, N. C.

Mrs. Wm. Anderson of Charlotte very kindly sent to the Home eight chairs. These will serve a good purpose and we wish to thank her through the colums of our paper for this good help.

Miss Lula Steel of Moorsville made the Home a visit last week. We are always glad to have the friends of the Home visit us.

Miss Verna Woods spent Sunday with her parents near Mooresville, returning Monday morning.

Another new boy by the name of Granger Kornegay came in last week. He joined the ranks at Synods and is already at home with that crowd of little boys.

Mr. J. C. Steel of Statesville paid us a pleasant call last week. We are always glad to see him and hope that he can come often now toat the weather is good.

Miss Lottie Hart spent Friday and Saturday at her Home near Mooresville.

Miss Maggie Adams was called home Friday to attend the funeral of her Uncle, Mr. Adams.

Mrs. Rufus Freeze of Mooresville spent Sunday here with her sister, Miss Vennie Templeton.

Communion service was held at Little Joe's Church on last Sunday the 19th. The following children of the Home were received into the church on examination. Roy Wilson, George T. McManning, Leon Parks, Amelia Coleman Richbourg, Maggie Bottoms, and James Henry, Leighburn McManning, Ruby Henberson, Charlie Carriker.

The following children were taken under care of the Session with a view to membership. Ruth Foote, Agnes Long, Fred Hester, and Hazel Martin, Forest Piner, Carl Parks, Earl Eden. One of our new poys, Price Dry, was received into membership on certificate from the Methodist church in Winston-Salem.

Showing how a sensible boy looks at his opportunities at Barium Springs, a conversation was overheard between the boys, and one said "Aint you sorry you ever came to Barium Springs.?" "No! was the reply, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for my chances here." And that boy hasn't got all he is going to get for he has about two more years of opportunity here.

Two new additions to our large family were gained on last Wednesday. Rev. F. A. Barnes of Moorseville, brought a boy Ruby B. Daniel age 6 years, and his sister Gracie May Daniel age 9 years. These are nice children, and about a good age for us to give from them, best results.

Miss Janie McLeod, who was formerly with us, is on a visit at the Home and is receiving a glad welcome. We are pleased to see that her health seems entirely restored.

---

**MEN AND THINGS**

Our Editor takes pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to attend the ceremony of the unveiling of "the Mecklenbury Tablet" May 20th 1912 at one o'clock at the State Capitol at Raleigh.

It will be a great pleasure to attend should not other duties claim us at that time.

Our old friend Hon. E. J. Hale of Fayetteville is spoken of as a Delegate, at large to the National Democratic convention to be held in Baltimore and we do not know a better man for the place.

Major Hale has now participated in the conventions of 1884. 1896, 1900 1904, and 1908 and has always been atrue, and tried citizen, well worthy of holding the position he covets.

We hope that he will represent the State in this convention also, as he is well able to do so.

We copy from "The Scottish Chief" some remarkable figures as to cotton production in North Carolina and especially in old Robeson county.

The Census Bureau reports that North Carolina ginned of the crop of 1911 1,126,377 bales of cotton as against 753,087 bales in 1910.

In Robeson County the 1911 crop was 76,812 bales against 62,944 bales in 1910. This too after old Robeson has been despoiled of Hoke county: and if you add the 16,316 bales ginned in Hoke, old Robeson as she stood when "she saved the State," grew no less than 87,687 bales of cotton.

Without disparaging any this old County is one of the richest and fairest spots to call home, we ever lived in, and her sons are famous as home builders, wherever they go. As to her daughters they are sought far and near.

We believe that Church and State should be as separate so far as any one sect or denomination is concerned as we can possibly have them. That is, no one church organization should have privileges over another nor should the schools for the Indians who are wards of the nation and these schools are therefore national schools: be taught by any organization that uses the schools as a medium through which to proselyte the children to their ways of worship. It is well known that a common saying among the Catholic Priesthood is, "give me the first five years of a child's life, and you may have all the rest you can get." Why should the Indian schools of our country be run by Catholics, for the Catholic Church, while the people of all denominations pay them their salaries?

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## Railway Business For February.

Returns of the railways to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the month of February, 1912, which have been compiled by the Bureau of Railway Economics, shows increase both in receipts and expenses as compared with Februory, 1911.

The returns, which cover about 90 per cent of the steam railway mile-age of the country, average as follows per mile of line for the month: Total operatin g revenues per mile of line $966, as compared with $891 in February, 1911, the increase resulting almost entirely from freight traffic, passenger revenue having slightly decreased. Operrting expenses per mile of line averaged $712, as compared with $668 in Febuary, 1911; net operating revenue $254, as compared with $223 in February, 1911. Taxes amounted to $44 per mile of line, an increase of ten and nine-tenths per cent over February of the previous year.

As February contained twenty-nine days in 1911 and twenty-eight days in 1911, the returns for this month of the current year, other things equal, would be one twenty-eighth, or nearly four per cent, greater than for February, 1911. A comparison that eliminates the effect of the extra day is of the returnes per mile of line for each day. The net operating revenve thus averaged $8.76 per mile of line per day in February, 1912, $7.95 in 1911, and approximately $9.20 in 1910.

Therefore $8.76 is the average amount that accrued to each mile of line for each day of February for the payment of taxes, rentals, interest on bonds, appropriations for betterment, and dividends; and this on a net average capitalization state by the Interstatn Commerce Commission in its volume of statistics for the fiscal year 1910 to be $62,657 per mile of line. The total net capitalization of all of the railways of the United States as shown by that report is $14,338,575,940.

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Not long since I saw this motto in a business man's office: "Be brief. We have our living to make, and it takes considerable of our time to do it."

Here are a few mottoes which which have inspired men and women who have brought things to pass:

"Don't wait for your opportunity—make it."

"The world makes way for the determined man."

"There is something better than making a living—making a life."

"Character is the poor man's capital."

"Look upward—live upward."

"He is the richest man who enriches mankind most."

## THE MAY DAY FETE.

AT THE STATE NORMAL
GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday May 18th was gala day at the State Normal, and the student body were very successful in giving one of the mosr beautiful entertainments, evet undertaken by an educational Institution in this country. Only once before has this program been undertaken by any institution in the United States. It was very attractively rendered at Bryn-Maur Pa. and Mrs. David Sharpe of the State Normal, deserves great credit for her visit to the scene of its production, and her careful study of character and costume, and to her successful efforts, much of the credit of this pageant is due. The grounds of the State Normal were in gala attire, the grass never looked greener, and ideal sunshine bathed the whole scene with golden light.

At two fifteen o'clock the blare of trumpets announced that the pageant was soon to pass in review before Queen Bess and her maids of honor and attendants.

Preceeded by the heralds, came Sir Walter Raleigh and his attendants, and then in turn were groups of May pole dancers decked with flowers some of them drawn in a cart by oxen milk maids with their buckets: the players in St. George and the Dragon: the players in Midsummer Nights Dream: the old woman who lived in the shoe." The spirit of summer, with her following, shepherdesses and shepherds: the spirit of autumn, decked in the beautiful tints of autumn. Mother goose and her flowers. The spirit of winter: boadicea with a group of ancient Britons.

After the passing of the pageant, came the May pole dancing, and then in different parts of the dense wood in Peabody park, with the trees, old logs, running brooks and trailing vines as the only stage furniture, there was rendered about the best amateur work we have ever seen. There was so much to be seen we could not see it all, but we thoroughly enjoyed "Robin Hood," and "Midsummer Nights Dream," and "the Hue and Cry after Cupid." As we had to leave a little after six o'clock to catch a train we missed the dances, which were a reproduction of the olden time merry making in old England long before our ancestors had dreamed of seeking homes far away across the sea. And yet, we could well imagine that we had been moved back some centuries, into the very thick of a May day revel in merrie England, and were charmed with all we saw and heard.

One of the most attractive of the groups was King Arthur and his Court, and Arthur with his golden curls was a friend of mine, Master Donald Van Noppen, but I failed to get speach with his majesty.

There were thousands present from all parts of the State, and those who failed to see "Ye May Day Fete, at State Normal College, May 18th 1912, have lost no little pleasure. One of the beautiful milk maids from Greenville was our chaperon during the afternoon, and knew just where to take us to see the best of everything.

Wm. LAURIE HILL.

---

**Sympathize With the Child.**

Never laugh at your little one's confidences. Sympathize with his plains no matter how wild they may seem. If you think his immagination is carrying him too far, administer a slight check by asking if such and such a plan seems the best thing to do.

It is to a gentle mother of this kind that the son will carry his hopes and fears when he is a man full grown.

Few mothers consider the real importance of having their children's perfect confidence when they are young. It means to them that they can feel perfect trust in their sons and daughters when they are grown. I means that the mother need not worry about where Tom is if he is absent from the home a few hours, because he will tell her all about it to-morrow.

The fact that a boy knows that his mother expects his confidence and that she places her trust in him will be his surest incentive toward an upright, honorable manhood.

---

An empty lie sometimes makes a big noise.


Those who are anxious to secure the worth of thier money in the purchase of a piano had better consult the great firm of

**CHAS. M. STIEFF**

before closing a trade.

It's mighty easy to be triped into buying a cheap piano by canvassers representing— well you don't know what or who.

They have nothing at stake and you are the victim.

Better patronize a firm that has something at stake and whose interest is your interest,

**Chas. M. Stieff,**

Southern Wareroom, 5 West Trade Street.

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Family Monuments a Specialty

Tombstones, Tablets, Fine Marble and Granite Monuments

Also Proprietor, Mooresville Marble and Granite Works

CALL AND SEE US, OR WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

STATESVILLE, N. C.

## The Corner for Smiles

**Comedy in Maryland's Senate.**

"Down at Annapolis the other day the legislators had a bit of comedy furnished them that does not ordinarily enter into the deliberations of a legislative body," remarked Charles Hamilton of Baltimore at the Raleigh.

"It seems that Senator Blair Lee, who was a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination last year, started to dress in evening attire to attend the reception given by Governor Goldsborough. He was impatient, the story goes, and in attempting to fasten his collar lost his only collar button. He looked around his room for an hour, and when he recovered the lost button it was mashed so that it could not be used. The senator had trod on it. He finally succeeded in borrowing one, but when he got to the governor's reception most of the guest had departed.

"One of Senator Lee's friends heard of the occurrence, and he rose in the senate and with the severest dignity offered a resolution. It provided for an appropriation sufficient to purchase a gross of collar buttons for Senator Lee 'that he might in the future be in time at official functions.' "—Washington Post.

**Speaking Conscientiously.**

Senator La Follette during his recent visit to Philadelphia said to a reporter, apropos of a flagrant piece of hypocisy:

"Why, the man's as bad as a Newport groom I heard of the other day.

"This groom stood beside his master while a veterinary examined a costly cob. The veterinary, at the ehd of his examination, pronounced the cob incurable and took leave. Then the master, sighing heavily, turned to the Groom and said.

"'Well, James, what am I to do with the poor beast now?'

"'Conscientiously spepkin', sir,' the groom replied, I think you'd better part with him now to another gentleman' sir.' "

**Chicago Bath.**

While the weather was infernally hot last summer a patrolman on the beat in the neighborhood of Fortyseventh street and Ashland avenue found a man—a citizen to be exact in police lingo—splashing in a horse trough. He was up to his neck and as much at home as a trout.

"Here," said the regulator of the peace. "Don't you know that this is against the law?"

"No, I do not."

"Well, it is. Come on out. If you don't go right into the house and put on your clothes I shall have to lock you up."

"Give me five minutes more of this and you can do anything with me."—Chicago Post.

**MEN AND THINGS**

The Aycock Monument Rally days are May 17th, 18th, 20th, and we would especially call the attention of our school teachers and pupils to this fact and urge them to make collections for this monument worthy of this great man, on those days. The present generation of school children in North Carolina owe to Governer Aycock a debt of lasting gratitude for he gave his life to the upbuilding of our common school system, and did more to banish ignorance from the State, than any man who has lived and wrought among us.

Let every child in North Carolina put something into the collection that shall build a lasting monument to Charles Brantly Aycock.

---

The passing of Miss Clara Barton at her home at Glen Echo, Maryland brings to mind one of the noblest women who has lived in any age; for she is tenderly remembered by what she has done to soften the woes of war.

Whenever men were at strife there she went to dress and heal wounds, and to comfort the dying. She organized a corps of nurses in the Union Army during the civil war and was known as "the angel of mercy." She served during the Franco-Prussian war in field and hospital. She was active in the Spanish American war and her "Red Cross Society," is better in perpetuating her name than brass and marble monuments.

The name of Clara Barton will be ever dear to the people of many nationalities on both sides of the sea.

## JUST PLAIN STRADDLE.

Their conversation which had begun in undertone had risen in pitch until men from all over the lobby were glancing in their direction. But Tom didn't care. He even forgot his high resolve to smoke out Snyder Hollahart and started for home to tell his wife something that he knew would make her very happy.—The Advance."

## DECLINE IN TUBERCULOSIS.

that there are many factors working together to cause the decline in the tuberculosis death rate, such factors as the change in the character of our urban population increased sanitation, and better housing, but probably as potent a factor as any has been the nation wide anti-tuberculosis campaign. "It may be foretold with considerable certainty," the statement concludes, "that when the effects of the present rapidly increasing provision for the care of tuberculosis patients shall have become evident, the decline in the death rate from consumption in the coming decade will be even more marked that in the last one."

## JOHNS HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

quirements of those who kept the temple might be supplied. In the center of all was the sanctuary, the place of praise and worship, and fellowship with God and man. Here an organ of many pipes, fitted for a master musician, was installed, and a choir to sing hymns of praise and thanksgiving. When the temple was completed John surrounded it with a beautiful garden of flowers, with never a fence nor a hedge to shut them in from the highway. All who passed might freely take of the bright blossoms and enjoy their fragrance, while from the open door came sweet strains of music that seemed to bless the hearer and lift up the weary traveler and make him glad.

John looked upon the temple he had builded with the help of an angel, and he found it was very good. His heart leaped within him for joy, and he exclaimed, "Surely I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"You shall, indeed, dwell in the house of the Lord, John, and he will dwell there with thee, and will not forsake thee forever." The white angel had spoken, for there he stood close to John as at first. His eyes seemed to pierce to John's very soul like a flame. But they were alone! Where was the wonderful temple? It had disappeared in the wink of an eye.

Sudden bitterness of disappointment seemed to be taking his life away in that moment, and John could not speak. He must have dreamed, and there was no temple. But no, the angel still stood with him and was speaking again. "Weep not for the vision, John; your real building is here and will not vanish. You shall truly build your house to the Lord, as you have promised; for know you not, John, that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you? Build your temple faithfully, for it is holy. The foundation stones are health and righteousness. Let them be set deep and firm. The walls are built of bone and muscle. Your brain is the library; fill it with useful knowledge. The sanctuary for praise and worship, for fellowship with God and man, is your own heart; in it you maycontinually be making melody unto the Lord. Your eyes are the windows which flood the temple with light, and through which the holy fires from the altar of love within will shine out upon the world. Kind words and acts, friendly smiles and sympathy are the flowers whose brightness and fragrance you may freely give to all. As you build your house to the Lord, keep close to his hand and your house will grow in strength and beauty. Let it always be kept clean and pure. Then you shall be 'Plain John' no longer, for your House Beautiful will be glorified by his presence and made noble in his service."

---

Tommy—"Pop,—what do you mean by the crust of society?"

Pop—"The crust of society, my son, is composed of those who have the dough."..Ex.

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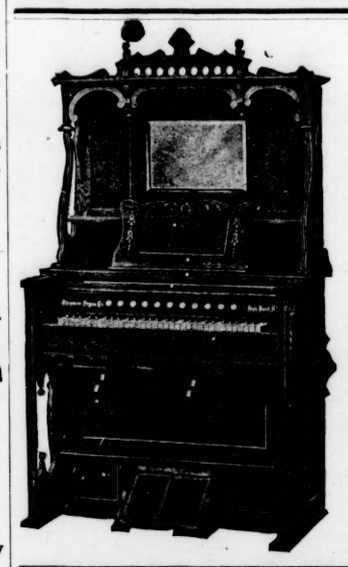

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